

Definitely Maybe

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Summary: Coffeeshop AU. Hiccup and Jack are two baristas just trying to live their lives. Rapunzel and Merida are two girls they meet by chance. Involve school, gangs, ice skating, overprotective mothers, and arranged marriages, you have a very unlikely- and crazy- friendship. RotBTD fic.

Definitely Maybe

\*\*This is a Big Four thing. I don't own anything. By anything I mean Disney, Pixar, or Dreamworks. Cover art was drawn by Florairmatylee on Deviantart. She can also be found here with the same name. Check out her story "CGI High." It's epic.\*\*

I don't always mess up with girls.

But spilling coffee on one could definitely be a milestone for ways to mess up.

"I am so sorry...can I get you a napkin or something-?" I asked the girl before me. Well, it had been a girl with flaming, unkempt red hair and blue eyes before him, but now she looked like a demon ready to tear my head off.

Yeah, no doubt that I was the worst barista ever.

"Yer so disgutin'!" the girl cried, a thick Scottish accent evident in her words. Her blue eyes were like knives, piercing my skull and murdering me slowly. If looks could kill, I'd be a goner.

I awkwardly offered her a napkin. She snatched it, muttering some words I didn't want to ever repeat in my lifetime. And she walked away.

Like they always did.

Or more importantly, like she always did.

And speak of the devil...she entered the coffee shop. As if I had arranged it myself. Tossing her head back like she had just taken off a motorcycle helmet (though she didn't have one, nor would she ever want one for reasons I'll talk about later), her choppy blond bangs flying... I averted my eyes. And turned around. So I wouldn't be seen by the young man trailing her...

"Hey, Hiccup!"

I was screwed.

"Snotlout! Funny seeing you here," I said nervously.

Snotlout, my cousin, has everything I don't. Good looks, charm, and above all else...her.

She is none other than Astrid Hofferson. Daring, striking, and tough as nails, Astrid is the object of my affections. She's blunt, fun, and beautiful. I've liked her for as long as I can remember.

And then Astrid started dating my cousin.

If you could call us cousins. Snotlout never was fond of me. We don't even interact much...unless you count the constant taunts from Snotlout on my appearance and strength. I sure don't.

"Yeah, Astrid wanted coffee," Snotlout shrugged, as if he always had casual exchanges with me. (Just for the record, he doesn't.) Judging by the smirk on Snotlout's face, though, I could tell it was all a way to rub in that he had snagged the girl I liked.

"Well go away so I can order some!" Astrid gave Snotlout a venomous look. "It's like you don't want to give me room to breathe." Snotlout held up his hands in surrender before backing away and exiting the shop. I just stared at Astrid in awe.

As if sensing that I was staring at her, Astrid turned to glare at me.

"Astrid! Hey, Astrid, what can I-" I said, lifting a hand as if I were about to wave.

"Shut up, Haddock." Astrid acknowledged me. Without a word, she hopped onto the counter, inches away from me. "I'll have a black coffee."

"S-Sure thing," I said, flustered. I poured her the coffee, all while watching her silently. The way she smoothed her skirt, the way she crossed her bare legs, the way she blew her bangs...I shook away the thoughts running through my mind. "Will that be all or-?"

"Yeah. Thanks." Astrid snatched the cup, not looking sincere about thanking me.

"That will be two thirty-three, please." I said. Astrid tossed a five on the counter as she jumped off it.

"Keep the change. It's Snotlout's money anyway." Astrid scoffed. She

turned and took a long drink from her scadling coffee without even the slightest expression of pain. She then stalked out of the coffee place as though she were angry, though her expression remained calm and collected.

But that was Astrid for you.

Sometimes I wondered why she was dating Snotlout. Snotlout was an eager-to-please boyfriend, but he also had what I call "the jerk quality." This meant calling your girlfriend sexy instead of beautiful. It meant always flirting, no matter if you were taken. It meant being ashamed of showing off your girlfriend to your friends unless it was to brag about her hotness.

Astrid, in turn, seemed to hate Snotlout. She was always bossing him around and pushing him away during those rare times when he tried to be a gentleman. Snotlout described her as "a pain, but my best gain."

Also another thing I hate about my cousin. Snotlout was the kind of guy to brag over a girl's body, not her mind or personality. At least it doesn't run in the family.

"Hey, done spacing out?"

I was jolted from my thoughts as my coworker and good friend Jack Frost elbowed me. Jack had the looks of a ladies' man with his perfect, slightly tousled dyed white hair, oceanic blue eyes, and perfect smile. Some girl with weird hair that cascaded in ringlets of brown with blond tips and green-and-brown spiked bangs was staring dreamily at Jack at a nearby table. Yeah, with his looks and charm, he could be a total jerk.

It was nice that he wasn't.

"Sorry," I said sheepishly. "It's a slow day."

"Slow as hell," Jack agreed. "But I saw you talking to that blond girl you like...what's your progress?"

"No, I told you, she has a boyfriend," I grumbled, though I wished I could forget that fact myself.

"Let me talk you through a scene with her," Jack grinned, revealing his line of perfect white teeth. "Alright, I'll pretend I'm you and you be the blond chick."

"Thanks but no thanks." I said, slightly appalled at the idea.

"I'd be a stellar you," Jack countered.

"Wait, why can't I be me?" I asked in realization. If that wasn't weird I don't know what is.

"Because I have a great idea. Now c'mon!" Jack insisted.

"Fine. Just once," I sulked.

"Hey, Blondie," Jack said smoothly, leaning against the counter. It took all of my willpower not to laugh. "What do you say we go out

sometime?"

"No. I have a boyfriend," I tried to act uninterested and how Astrid might. Thought slightly nicer. I was having trouble saying boyfriend, though. It not only sounded weird, it sounded wrong.

"And I have a math test," Jack winked.

"What?" I voiced my confusion.

"I'm sorry, I thought we were listing things we could cheat on," Jack feigned shock and I let my laughter erupt.

"Well you made me laugh," I said, "but that conversation is never going to happen. And her name is Astrid!"

"Whatever." Jack said. "I think I could very well pass off as you. Of course, I'd have too much charm, though."

"What I like about you is your modesty," I rolled my eyes.

"Thanks." Jack flashed his toothpaste-commercial smile. "Now stop daydreaming, will you? We have customers!"

As if on cue, a blond girl stepped up to the register, a big smile on her lips. I slyly nudged Jack forward, as a form of payback. Jack gave me a quick glare before he turned to the girl.

"Hi!" the girl beat him to a greeting. "Jack, is it?" Jack glanced down at his name tag as if he were surprised it was there.

"Um, yeah," Jack said. "Jack Frost."

"Like the character in the fairytale?" the girl looked entranced. "That's so cool!" Jack looked over the girl slowly.

Long..no, very long blond hair, green eyes, and a dash of freckles over her nose and cheeks. She was pretty cute. Maybe she and Jack could date.

Needless to say, Jack hadn't dated a lot of girls.

"Yeah, I freeze everything I touch," Jack joked. "So what can I get you, miss-?"

"Rapunzel," the girl smiled. "And I'll have a caramel latte."

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair," Jack winked at her, making her giggle.

"Yeah, my mom lives for fairytales," Rapunzel said, toying with a strand of her hair.

"Say, Hiccup, make a caramel latte for this lovely lady," Jack called to me, smirking slightly as he had found a way to get revenge.

"Hiccup? That's such a cute name!" Rapunzel cried.

"Er...thanks," I said, having no idea what to say to an eager blond girl who fangirls over little things such as names. I made the latte, being careful not to spill it like last time.

Which reminds me, I hadn't even given the girl I spilled coffee over a new one...

Yet another display of failure from Hiccup the awkward.

"Thanks! How much is that?" Rapunzel asked as she took her latte. I was about to answer when a bony elbow was stabbed into my gut. Annoyed, I cast a look towards Jack.

"No charge. It's on the house." Jack said.

"Really? Thank you!" Rapunzel turned and left with her coffee, taking slow, careful sips from it.

"What was that?" I grumbled, rubbing my side protectively.

"I just made you see how charming I can be," Jack said. "And that's my revenge for you making me have to work."

"Watching you treat a girl to a four-dollar coffee. Wow, you're such a gentleman." I deadpanned. "Where's the revenge in that?"

"My revenge is that I'm not the one paying for it, duh," Jack said.

"Someone has to." I said, not grasping what Jack was leading to.

"That's where you come in." Jack ruffled my hair. "Thanks buddy, you're such a sweetheart."

"Don't call me sweetheart. People will think I'm gay." I pushed Jack's hand away.

"There's no shame in that," Jack teased. "Hey I'm going to get something to drink. Can you clean up the coffee you spilled already?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said, waving him away as I turned to get a rag. Jack left the room, leaving me in the quiet company of the buzzing coffee machines and soft chatter from customers.

"Hello."

"Ahh!" I jumped to see a man standing before me. With spiky black hair, a crooked smile, and black clothing, there was no question he was intimidating.

"My name is Pitch Black," the man said.

"Um, hi. W-Would you like to order something?" I suggested.

"I'm just here to give you this," Pitch tossed a card on the counter before me. "Good day, Hiccup." He gave me a smirk before leaving.

I was scared. The creepy guy knew my name. For a second I wanted to faint...

...and then I realized I had a name tag.

I shook the thought of the creepy man away, and I started to clean the counter. I heard a door swing open and I felt the hair on my neck come to a rise.

"Why so tense?" Jack came up beside me, an icy water bottle in hand. I relaxed visibly. My nerves were still on high alert.

"Just help me clean." I said, and I turned around to get something to clean the counter's surface with. As I did, the card Pitch had given me fell to the floor. I made a note to pick it up later. I never did.

"I can never rely on you," Jack huffed, but he complied, grabbing the rag from my hand.

I let my thoughts trail back to Astrid.

What did she even see in Snotlout? He may be buff...and tough...and charming...okay, so he was like a male Astrid. Though way less pretty...she was really pretty, with her blond hair that looked so soft and her ice blue eyes that...

I was spacing out again.

I let my thoughts fade away as I surveyed the place. It was mostly empty. Even the girl that had been ogling Jack was picking up her things to leave. Then I spotted a head of fiery red hair coming my way.

Dun da dun, I'm dead.

"Um, hi." I said, giving her a sheepish grin.

"I still need my coffee," the girl said sharply. "And don't spill this one."

"I'm sorry," I offered weakly. The girl just crossed her arms and stared offhandedly at me. I hurried to get her the same coffee she had ordered before. When I handed it to her, she snatched it. It was like she and Astrid were sisters.

Well, minus the fact that their hair and eyes were very different. And I wasn't head over heels for the redhead girl (who looked as though she wanted to murder me again).

"That's how you guarantee a fail with the ladies," Jack remarked, slinging an arm around my shoulders after the redhead girl had left.

"You'd know that, huh?" I scoffed.

"Hey, I'll have you know, I've dated plenty of girls before," Jack argued. By plenty he means, like, two. "You haven't even had your first kiss yet."

"So?" I said, though I looked away, slightly ashamed.

"You're eighteen." Jack said, giving me a look. "Isn't that kinda embarrassing?"

"I have you as a friend. What can be more embarrassing than that?" I asked.

"Your sarcasm is gonna be the death of me," Jack said, taking his arm off my shoulders. "Say, how's senior year at high school going?"

Jack isn't in high school like I am. He's nineteen and out of high school but not looking to go to college. He's content working in this coffee place and living in his own little apartment. He doesn't know what he wants to do with his life yet.

"Um, it's been going alright," I shrugged. "It's kind of hard actually."

"Hard? School?" Jack laughed. "C'mon Hiccup, you're totally the nerdiest guy I know!"

"Thanks a lot. As if I don't have enough reminders from my dad." I said bitterly.

"D'aw, don't be like that." Jack poked my side playfully. "A nerd is never a bad thing to be. You're higher than the rest of us losers in life."

"Well, I can't argue with you about the how you're a loser part," I agreed. Jack threw an empty coffee cup at my head.

"Shut up."

\* \* \*

><p>It was late when I left the coffee shop. And I have to walk home because I don't have a car. The joy of being your father's disappointment. Not to mention Dad's way stingy with his money.</p>

Click.

I jumped as a sound suddenly came from my left. I looked in that direction, frightened on how it was coming from a small section of wooded area. I don't know about you but that's where all the creepy monsters live...at least in the movies.

I took a step towards the woods. I know, I'm screaming to be killed.  
"Hello?"

And then I was slapped across the face.

"Get down and stay down!" A rough male voice called, and a hand caught me by my shoulder and flung me to the ground. My chin hit the concrete sidewalk with a scrape.

"Hey!" I cried before I could stop myself.

Then I was kicked.

Okay, new tactic: stay down and keep quiet. At least that way I wouldn't end up killed. I heard engines revving. Motorcycles, no doubt. That was a sure sign that whoever had shoved me to the ground was in a gang.

Fantastic. I was at my possible death and it had to be by a gang. I hadn't even confessed my feelings for Astrid! Well even if I did, that wouldn't be helpful, because to be honest, Astrid wouldn't date me if she and I were the last two people on Earth.

Sometimes I wonder if she knows I exist.

There was some rough whispers and someone jabbed something pointy into my side. I was feeling like a doormat at that point. A police siren wailed and then there came the sound of feet running away. Yes! I was saved!

Wait. No. That wasn't the police.

I sat up, rubbing my face. No one was in sight, but the police wail kept going- until I pressed \_ignore call\_. Really, Dad? You changed my ringtone to a police siren?

I got up, brushed my pants off, and stared back to where the noise had come from. Maybe someone was still there.

I know it sounds crazy, but I want to get those guys arrested. Dad is the chief of police and is always going on about how I should follow in his footsteps. I've been trying to do my best, honestly, but I haven't proved my worth.

I took another step towards the wooded area, but then my police siren ringtone started again.

It was Dad.

"Hiccup? Where have ye been?!" His voice, as harsh as it always was, was enough to bust a guy's eardrums.

"Ow," I grumbled before I started talking. "Dad, it's fine. I'm walking home right now." I didn't want to mention the thing with the gang. I know if Dad knew, he'd be mad I didn't get them.

"Hurry up," was Dad's curt reply before he hung up. I pocketed my phone and finished my walk home.

If only I had known what was in store.

"Hey, Dad," I said as I entered. He was standing there, arms crossed, waiting.

"Ye shouldn't take so long comin' home," Dad said gruffly. He was still in his police uniform, proving to be even more intimidating.

"Sorry." I grumble, though I'm anything but. "Well, I'm going to bed. See ya, Dad."

"Wait, Hiccup," His voice softens a little bit, if that's even possible. "You know how much I like that you're working over for Gobber at that coffee place and all..."

Gobber is another police man who owns the coffee place I work at. I always bug him to teach me the ways of a policeman. During work breaks he and I always talk over strategies of policemen instead.

It's nice, but it's not exactly what I want.

"What about it?" I asked, pushing the thought away.

"I want ye to become more interested in the police man life," Dad said, not meeting my eyes. I feel my heart pick up. Could this possibly mean-?

"So you'll let me be on the force?" I blurted.

It takes approximately two seconds before he bursts into laughter. Yeah, thanks Dad, that's real supportive of you.

"Not yet." Dad grinned, suddenly happy, as though I had just told him I wanted to get out of his life forever. "But ye'll be trainin' with Gobber while I go away on a trip."

"That's-" I paused. "Why are you leaving?"

"Somethin' for work," Dad sighed. "I don't want to leave ye behind, but this way, I know ye'll be in good hands."

"I won't let you down, Dad!" I cried, suddenly happy. "How come Gobber's teaching me now?"

"We'll need more men and women on the force if some of us leave." Dad explained.

"More?" I echoed. "So Gobber won't just be training me?" The thought of having to compare to other people was enough to make my legs shake and my face to warm up.

"Nope," Dad said, oblivious to my sudden panic attack. "Yer cousin, Snotlout, is gonna be trainin' with ya...and so's some other kids. What are their names...er...Fishlegs, I think, was one. Ruffnut...Tuffnut...and what was the last one-? Astrid, yeah, that's her name."

So I wasn't only going to embarrass myself in front of other, possibly better kids, but in front of my longtime crush and her fit boyfriend?

Kill me now.

\*\*Thanks for reading, guys! Review, follow, etc.\*\*

End  
file.